

The Saturday Evening

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENTS.

OL. VIII—WHOLE No. 405.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 2, 1829.

TERMS, 25 IN ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL COATE ATKINSON, No. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, BETWEEN THIRD & FOURTH STREETS, AND DIRECTLY OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE—BY COUNTING-ROOM ON RIVERSIDE ALLEY.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

TO BARDINGS.

AGGERATION AND DIMINUTION.

If we would show our fancy with a shawl,
Of a young creature, beautiful and sweet,
That should extend the wonderful account—
The artist pours his words with golden flame,
And every word, like glowing glory, glows
Bright, through the effulgent heart. The sun
Midnight,
High when his blinding chariot, Earth below,
Shall be in his gorgeousness—her thousand streams
And her eternal ocean, broad as heaven,
And with the burning upland, glow'd with light,
And every tone, from furthest pole to pole,
Gilds with the maddest brilliancy, exults
The sacred Ocean that its waves a tall
Tall, as I wonder'd through the risk porters,
While over-bumping heavy thick'd around,
And the young down-drops, dark'd with light,
Shall be the infant rainbow, not as yet
Unfolded and hung upon the stormy clouds—
View'd a ruby red bud. Not the green
Of the green ocean could compare with leaves
That would be found in the heavenly pomp,
Not Pausanias' self—could, for a moment, flash
Of the carnal fire, that blaz'd more red
Than thought on any picture, on that building rose.
As was it the grandeur of the sky,
Jewels'd as it is, were all reduced
To this one paragon of beauty's charm!

But would you tell of a thunder-storm,
And the storm's feelings danger'd heaven and Earth!

Then, as the world were deaf, or only heard
A school-boy's humming-top—you thus should
Ward—
The sky was curtain'd, all the drapery
Of the young clouds put on their mourning hues,
And Earth itself look'd sad, as though the shade
Of some tall tree were cast across the vale.
Then came the lightning sparkling like the fly
Of summer-evenings—on a candle, lit
Up in the dismal heaven, but quick blown out.
And soon the thunder, through the air above,
Sigh'd piteously, as if a hapless clerk,
By some rude gnat would, all in pain,
Struggled with broken wing home to its nest.
The tree beneath the bending of the winds,
Trembled in every leaf, as though a sheep,
Shall'd by a chicken, run against its trunk.
Also, all the pink I saw admir'd,
That slightly left its withered leaves, and seem'd
As though it could cling onto the stalk—
I've squall'd at all its beauty; every blade
Of grass seem'd to me some thing lower than before,
And some that beat the thunder's frightful voice
Had such effect, that even an infant child
Turn'd to its mother's breast, half dead, and wept,
To keep its courage up! Ah, me! that day—
As long as I can think of night before,
I've of the garden'd fly—will never slip,
But slighter traces on my brain!

SILENUS.

TO MY HEART.

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH N.C.—

Alas! poor flattering thing!
By breathing thus? Say why this vain delight!
Why shouldst thou her presence bring
Here such throbbings, such a sweet affright?
There thou shalt see her eyes as bright!

Why should the fickle glance
Beauty, fill thee with this kindling glow—
The rippling waves that dance
With the summer's light love not
For one star with richer brightness glow.

Far from their natal clime
Be forest's offspring lone, untouch'd to roam;
Not their warblings chime
Sweetly still, as in their native home!
High they fly for the sunny hills of Rome!

And art thou moved, Heart!
How whose vain heart hath still unconquered been;
Hast thou not own'd the smart
Hast thou not frozen regions, felt the pain
Of thy soft influence? Thou hast I ween—

I see! I see it now!
And thou, they call thee cold and proud, my heart,
Alas! they little know
How keenly thou canst feel, the chill thy part!
Thy feel me, sure not, heed not what thou art!

SENECA.

A FAREWELL TO FANCY.

Long bright-eyed Fancy, fare thee well!
Still Rome comes across our face so ever,
And time both rung the fatal knell,
That bids us part and part forever.

I've long been of a airy mood,
We've sought for money's money day,
And now we're resigned this utmost mood,
And I order me my lonely way.

For many a rough and ragged sleep,
And many a waste and dreary plain,
And many a barren broad and deep,
Lends on that way of toll and pain.

And all the delusions and
For path so rude, thy fragile form,
Thou canst not bid thy bitter air,
Nigh here thou art against the storm.

Lo! while the tempest's wrath,
The driving rain and hail is loud—
Oh! and gloomy in the path,
How lone I where I shingle out.

Whether for some far mountain's crest,
Where some lone eagle's shadow hangs high;
Whether to some low vale's depth,
Where some lone sheep is grazing.

De whether on the mountain plain
Of life, by numerous pathways cross,
To further time is caught in vain,
And the countless thousands lost.

Shout out there, but were it mine
To stand on the mountain's crest,
To stand on the mountain's crest,
To stand on the mountain's crest.

But vain the wish, thy magic spell
Felt like a morning dream, and now
E'en while I softly say, farewell,
The world's cold blast is on my brow.

From home and friends condemn'd to part,
For some unknown and distant land,
Thus throbs the exile's writhing heart,
Thus does he quit his native strand.

Then, as the moon bore down her radiant,
His backward stride his fearful eyes,
Thus rise the waves, the vessel quakes,
And round him close the sea and sky.

LYCIDAS.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Cultivation of Moral and Religious Feelings.

It has pleased the beneficent Father of the universe to form man a rational and intelligent being; to endow him with faculties of mind susceptible of the highest improvement, and to impart to him a soul which may soar far beyond the joys of earthly happiness, and participate in the joys of an heavenly immortality. The feelings of his heart, formed by the clear principles of morality, and ennobled by the influence of divine goodness, elevate his nature, and justify him to be ranked among the predestined works of the Creator. But Omnipotence has so constituted him that his happiness is closely interwoven with the practice of the moral virtues, and a strict and unobscured regard for the duties of religion. When these are disregarded, the ties that bind his soul to heaven are broken; the glorious destiny of his existence is lost in the transient pleasures of earth, and the image of divinity, stamped upon his nature, remains but a polluted emblem of his pristine glory, and in his other moments of reflection adds horror to his misery, by reminding him of the high objects for which he was created.

Wherefore then is a want of moral principle, the loftiest efforts of the human intellect degenerate into coldness. They may dazzle the imagination with their brilliancy, and perhaps astonish the reason itself with their strength and originality, but the heart is unmoved, and the nobler and more exalted feelings of our nature remain unsatisfied. We may witness the most towering flights of genius; we may listen with delight to the almost overpowering strains of eloquence; we may be enchanted with the soft and flowing numbers of heaven-born music, and at the same time our emotions may be mingled with feelings of sadness and regret, that the possessors of these golden talents are unimproved by the mild precepts of virtue, and throw a shade over their shining qualities by the vicious and corrupt conduct of their lives. We may view with pleasure, too, at a distance, the fiery heaving of a volcano, but we shudder to reflect that every swelling is pregnant with the seeds of desolation, and buries whole cities with liquid fire.

Who has not been enraptured with the sweet and fascinating melody of Byron? Who has not felt the deep breathings of his mighty genius, and acknowledged the burning fervor which inspired his verse? And, yet, who that reads the kind of reverence at the shrine of religion, and endeavours to advance the great principles of morality, does not intertwine a wreath of cypress with the laurels that encircle his brow, and while he admires the magic power of his poetry laments that his harp was untuned to nobler themes, and his sweet strains were destitute of heavenly fire? The immortal Gibbon has removed the veil which had rested like a mist upon the gloomy and darkened world, and has scattered the darkness and doubt which for succeeding centuries had enveloped the whole continent of Europe. His name shall be remembered so long as nations will exist; but while the philanthropist and the Christian shall bestow his just tribute of applause upon the splendor of his talents, and the magnificence of his works, they will shed tears of sorrow over his infidelity, and regret that almost every page of his history is stained with opposition to the gospel of Jesus. History has also erected a monument to his fame as durable as the "fast-anchored isle" of Britain; but he, too, has added his name to the list of unbelievers, and is ranked among the foremost of the opposers of the Christian religion.

But there is a brighter page in the history of man. From the catalogue of the distinguished men of every age, we may select some whose names are an ornament to human nature, and whose lives have been devoted to the cultivation of the moral virtues, and the advancement of social and religious happiness. Newton, Boyle, and Locke, have enlarged the circle of the human mind, and adorned the principles of philosophy with the precepts of piety. Their fame is equally identified with the progress of knowledge and the diffusion of virtue.

Others have emblazoned their names upon the ecstasies of immortality by some single act, which has contributed to alleviate the wretchedness of thousands, or discommodate the desires of the remotest corners of the earth. Millions of the degraded sons of Africa will swell the anthem of joy, while associations of the sweets of liberty shall remind them of the name of Wilberforce. The history of Mills, Fisk, and others, who have shed a bright and undying lustre upon our country, will call forth the grateful recollections of unborn generations so long as truth shall triumph over error, and the influence of Christianity be felt in removing vice and superstition from the hearts of men.

The cultivation of moral feeling is as closely interwoven with the stability of government as it is allied to the promotion of the great objects of religion. Remove this pillar, and the beautiful fabric of our freedom falls. Diffuse the seeds of immorality among the minds of the people, and factious ambition would sway the councils of the nation, or perhaps the bloody flag of despotism would wave over the ruins of the fair temple of our liberties. Rome, so long as she retained the precepts of the virtues, and main- tained among her citizens a sense of piety and devotion, preserved her political frame firm and unbroken. But the "all destroyer" came. Vice opened its flood-gates of destruction, and a thousand streams of pollution swept away every remnant of moral principle. The cords of her government became relaxed, her laws were disregarded, and licentiousness and corruption spread the very foundations of the empire. Rome fell, and from her fall succeeding nations may learn, that moral principles are the supporting pillars of their political institutions.

The harmonious order which pervades the natural creation beautifully illustrates the importance of regularity in the moral world. The shooting of the plant, the uninterrupted succession of the seasons, the regular movement of the earth, the stars of the firmament wheeling their course in perfect symmetry through the boundless fields of space, all present a system of the most beautiful order, and are in our minds the highest monuments of admiration. But when storms and tempests rage the surface of the

earth, or the convulsions of nature shake its foundations to the centre, or when the terrific comet traverses its eccentric course and threatens the destruction of the world, men are excited with horror and filled with consternation and awe. In the same manner, we view with feelings of dread the wild whirlwind of the passions, unrestrained by the mild influences of virtue, and uncontrolled by the effects of a religious education.

The God of nature has raised on high in the scale of existence, and shall we degrade the dignity of our nature by pursuing the delusive pleasures of sensual pleasure, and exchanging the bliss that flows from the cultivation of moral and religious feeling for the debasing objects of earthly gratification? He has implanted in our souls a desire of happiness, and shall we exchange the pure and unadulterated joys of virtue and piety for the short-lived unsatisfying pleasures of vice and immorality? No;—reason and the experience of ages teach us, in loud and warning accents, that misery is the inevitable consequence of vice, while unalloyed felicity is the sure reward of virtue.

H. W. S.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

During the prevalence of a contagious fever in Ireland, a poor, homely woman, and her little son, five years old, being unable to obtain relief, were taken to a hospital. It was the first of January, and extremely cold. The affectionate mother took off her own flannel coat, wrapped it round the little object of her care, put him in her bosom, and laid down and died. In the morning, a man passing inquired how she was; the child replied she had fallen asleep, and he could not wake her. Such was the power of a mother's love—the life of her child was dearer than her own. Children love and obey your parents.

Cold Water, or Health and Beauty.

A Vermont lady (the paper says) lately cured herself completely of a very uncomfortable liability to take cold, by bathing her face, neck and arms, early every morning with pure cold water, profusely applied. Besides guarding her health, the application, it is asserted, greatly heightened her beauty; and we understand it is getting to be very generally believed in the country. (and we do not see why it should not be equally efficacious in fever, that cold, cold, cold water, applied early in the morning, is one of the finest remedies ever used. Knead, pearl powder, cold cream, and all the knick knacks of the perfumery, are said to be nothing at all to pure water, for clearing the complexion and brightening the eyes. The hint is supposed to be taken from a garden, or meadow, by some lady who accidentally observed the effect of the cold dew of the morning upon the rose and lilies, the glow and the fragrance it gave to their blossoms, and the firmness and freshness it imparted to their stalks and leaves. We have no great faith in Cathartics and Purgatives, but we do think this looks more like one than any we have seen noticed; and if, as advised in other cases, its application be accompanied with a little attention to regimen, just enough to secure temperate meals, regular exercise in the fresh air, and sleep at night, from ten or eleven to five or six o'clock, we believe it would come as near to a universal specific as anything may come in a world so remarkable as this for diversity of circumstance and vicissitude.

The following sublime idea, from Lessing, a German author, is at your service, if you think it worthy a place in your memory:—

We the Supreme Being to appear before me and see—Mortals! let me right and in all truth, and in my left hand the love of truth, choose between them—I should make answer:—
"Lord give me the contents of thy left hand, those of thy right hand can be held by none but Thee."

A more interesting account of the adventures of two females with their eight children, than the following we never met with.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser, March 27.

Messrs. Editors.—The following highly interesting, and we think admirably well told tale, from the Johnstown Republican, you will oblige us by inserting in your columns. Some farther portion of this "strange eventful history" we shall submit, although apprehensive our feeble pen will fail in doing justice to the sequel.

"O woman in ordinary cases so near a mortal, how in the great and rare events of life, dost thou swell into the angel!"—exclaims a late popular writer. The opinion has been expressed by many before him, and history bears on its page some splendid proofs of its justice. Romance also has often adopted and gilded for the theme of its tale the heroic endurance or achievement or generosity of woman, and the Roman (or Grecian) daughter, Elizabeth, the "Katie of Scotland," in the heroine of "The Heart of Mid Lothian" are but the portraits which commemorate some scenes of real life. Numerous, however, as are the recorded proofs of woman's capability of greatness, they bear but small proportion to its thousand exertions which have passed unnoticed to oblivion, and perhaps the finest and truest displays of female heroism have been in humble or in private life, when the heart made its effort or its sacrifice unprompted by the hope of glory and unsupported by the certainty of fame.

A case came under my observation last week which, for its display of patient fortitude, untiring perseverance, and deep and cruel sufferings as well as the melancholy interest which it excited, has few or no parallels. The tale is not long, and if you choose, Mr. Editor, you may tell it all—the subjects of it well deserve such praise as we can give them.

Two brothers, whose wives also were sisters, resided near Glasgow, in Scotland, and were the fruits of the industry in their lucrative and respectable occupation (they were Calico printers) supported their families in comfort and ease, and were enabled to give their eight children all the advantages of mental and religious instruction, for which the better class of tradesmen particularly are so distinguished in that country. The distress, however, which for years has pervaded the manufacturing districts of Great Britain extended at last to them, and continued its visitations until their prospects were destroyed, and their perseverance exhausted. Deprived all hope of better times, they resolved in despair to abandon an occupation which no longer repaid their toil, and in June last they embarked with their families for Canada, with the purpose of purchasing and cultivating land.

They settled in the town of Ramsey, 300 miles above Montreal, and there soon found, in the task of building their log hut, and clearing their heavily timbered new land, that they were entirely unqualified, and unequal to the duties and labors of their new vocation. Provisions were scarce and scarce, the climate was severe,

and their fund of money was almost exhausted; a hard winter was before them, and—looking on their wives and children, who had thus far survived their privations patiently, if not cheerfully—the resolved with the advice of their few neighbors, to cross into "the States," and seek their employment in some of the new manufactures. They started on the 15th November, expecting to send in a short time for their families which they were leaving but slenderly provided. It was not, however, until the 10th of February that a letter reached its anxious expectants, stating that they had at length found employment at Fall River in Massachusetts, and would send their families so soon as they had earned the means.

But for this their families could not wait—they were sinking under the pressure of evil among which the "hope delayed" counted but as a trifle. The sum of money which the husbands had been able to leave them was but small, and the scarcity of provisions prevailing in the incipient settlement was shared by their own to extremity; to absolute hunger—their wives and some of their children were but partially clothed, and admitted the snow at every blast of the wind. In the mean time, the children of their children, their thoughts often turned to their own pleasant home by the Water of Leven. The few and distant neighbors gave them no assistance, for they did not know their wants—"we had not any means of repaying obligations," said one of them to me, "and we did not see like to ask them"—and then two women, who in their own country had perhaps never seen an axe, were obliged, standing to the knees in snow, to cut down with their own hands the trees from which they obtained fuel for the fire around which their children gathered.

This could not endure longer, and in good time had the letter arrived. They knew then where their husbands were, and resolved to go to them. A sleigh was engaged, and their little preparations soon made. But the snow threatening to break up, the men dared not venture upon the long journey and refused to go. This was a cruel stroke; the one of their affliction had been long felt, and this last drop of bitterness had caused its waters of bitterness to overflow—for no pains out so sorely as those of disappointed hope. They had now no choice but to endure as they had endured, or to attempt the journey on foot. The first seemed impossible; and besides these children and their mothers loved the fathers and husbands from whom they were separated. The prospect for the latter two might well appear the steepest heart—the distance of nearly 600 miles, and the high cost of the journey—of money they had but four dollars, and there in the woods their clothing would sell for nothing, (their furniture had been chiefly left at Montreal,) and to crown the whole they had eight children of whom the eldest had not reached her 10th year.

In despite however of these fearful difficulties, these two heroic females bent up their hearts to the undertaking, and on the 18th day of February commenced on foot their long journey. Sarah carried an infant at her breast with a bundle of clothing—the eldest girl, Sarah, carried on her shoulders her sister of 18 months, and the other 2 girls and 2 boys, aged from 3 to 8 years, trailed along as well as their little feet could carry them. From the 18th of Feb. until the 12th of March, when they arrived in this place, the weather had been peculiarly inclement—many days were severely cold, there were two deep falls of snow, and constant high winds, and high winds two last days they had come under a cold rain. Their course had been entirely on retired roads, which being little travelled were but imperfectly beaten. Their slender stock of money had been long since expended, and they were forced to rely upon such scanty charity as their appearance elicited (for they never asked any) and their number made even that less efficient. But mid snow and storm, in hunger and cold, they still pressed on. There they lay, day in which they did not make some progress—they slept where they could, and food when it was offered, and the protection of that Providence which tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and their own strong hearts had brought them thus far. Little Sarah, who carried her sister, suffered much with the soreness from that cause, of her shoulders, and two others had their faces frost-bitten; but although worn and wearied with the toils of their journey, they were all in health; and their spirits were high, and their hearts were of soon meeting the husbands and fathers whom they sought. They had several times been carried forward a few miles by humane persons, and thus got over perhaps 35 of 240 miles which they had passed.

Strange as it may seem, and dark as is the fact, for the many towns through which they passed, this was the first place where any efficient assistance was afforded to them. During the few days they were here they were comfortably housed and fed. Their deficiencies of clothing were supplied, a stock of wholesome provisions was prepared, a sleigh was sent with them to Albany, where they were sure, if from the letters alone which they carried, of further assistance, and a sum of money was given them besides, which would bear them on their way. The simple gratitude and honest pride of their "kindly" Scotch hearts were equally apparent—"Thank you, thank you,"—but if you please—"would they not take more than just for the expenses, leave it for the poor creatures who need it more!"—It was a pleasant sight when, with their thankful hearts beaming in their happy faces, they set off over the icy road in a sleigh with the children comfortably wrapped up, to join soon the fathers of their love.

My story, sir, is done—but I wish to ask you—there are some things I do not speak of, which I think there may be many who with even one child could have performed that journey as they did? Would he sit an hundred times have fainted in exhaustion and despair? The heart of woman only, swelling into heroism in the time of her trial, could have endured it. I believe that I have omitted to tell you the name of the subject of my story—it is Dykes. And Jennie Deane, the celebrated heroine of Scott's tale, the Heart of Mid Lothian who walked from Edinburgh to London at midsummer, with money in her pouch for all her expenses, to beg from the King the pardon of her condemned sister, was made a heroine upon less than half the courage, the perseverance and the toilful suffering which appertain to my Mrs. Dykes—though I confess that of the two she was the more fortunate in her heroism.

I am, sir, respectfully, yours, &c.

Johnstown, March 16, 1829.

On the arrival of this interesting family in our city, the letters furnished them in Johnstown were delivered; a special meeting of the St. Andrew's Society called, and high and noble resolutions, throughout this long and severe winter, had nearly exhausted the treasury, a sum as large as prudence would permit was immediately appropriated to their use; this, however,

fell far short of the amount necessary to forward them in comfort to their ultimate destination, a subscription was therefore set on foot, and among the members present a sum was collected, which, with the contributions of a few charitable individuals, connected with the society, was found equal to the object. A suitable meal, comfortable provisions for a six day's journey were purchased, and under the care of a steady and attentive driver, these heroic women, with their interesting families, started for their home on the morning of the 18th inst.

On the evening of the same day, the elder of the brothers arrived here for the purpose of conducting the families home. It would appear that when they had accomplished the first fifty miles of their tedious journey, they halted at a tavern, from whence they wrote their husbands, stating the circumstances which had induced them to leave their comfortable residence, and their hopelessness of being able to accomplish the task they had undertaken, and the slender prospect they entertained of procuring any mode of conveyance. On the receipt of this letter he instantly started, in his anxiety to proceed on his journey, he passed through Albany without any delay, and in the mean time brought back to them, in arriving in the next town, he found he had missed the stage, and although he knew it was adding nothing to his progress, as he must be overtaken by the next stage, he determined to continue his journey on foot; such was the restless anxiety of his mind to press forward to the relief of those so dearly dear to him. We say fortunately, for here he overtook a fellow traveler, who, in the course of conversation, acquainted the state of the road to the Eastward, expressed an anxiety on account of two women and eight children, who were journeying in that direction. We need not add that he instantly retraced his steps. At Johnstown he heard with a full heart and overflowing eyes, of all these families had suffered, and of their present comforts. On Friday last he again arrived in Albany; he sought the managers of St. Andrew's Society, and it is with pride in the honest and honorable feeling of our countrymen, that we here he instantly insisted on refunding from his slender means, the sum advanced from the treasury of that association; this amount they accepted—life was equally solicitous in desiring to repay all the private contributions, but who would willingly be deprived of the heartfelt satisfaction of contributing to the comforts of persons so deserving? This restitution we have therefore declined.

We have rarely, if ever, known a case which excited so much sympathy and universal sympathy, on each side of the Atlantic, as this was; and in the pocket before the tale was concluded, and lives there an individual, who on such an application, would have refused? If there is, we do not envy that man's feelings. Let him count over his hoards, and glut his eyes with the glittering treasure, we would rather follow our wanderers to their happy homes, and while our imaginations picture their meeting, while the fire side tale of their overpast and hospitable received, starts excitedly, and warmly, and lights the glow of gratitude on the cheeks, we are no higher rewarded than to know that we were privileged to be the dispensers of a portion of this happiness.

One circumstance more ought to be recorded, and then we have done.

The driver of the sleigh from Johnstown was instructed to convey them to the tavern kept by Mr. Shields, in Washington street, opposite the Western Hotel, here these ten persons were hospitably received, and comfortably entertained, from Saturday till Wednesday, and all their necessities declined, although the managers of the society almost forced upon him a trifling sum. We sincerely hope that many travellers who may read this account will make that house their home, when it equally suits their convenience to do so, and that events will prove, he has "cast his bread upon the waters"—"to find it richer and heavier" before many days.

We are, gentlemen, respectfully yours.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

THE HORSE-SHOE LEAF.

I was once travelling the main road, which leads to what is called "Shaker Ferry," on the Kentucky river. As I wound my way down the tremendous cliffs, through a road which had been rendered passable by the industry and perseverance of the little community, from whom the ferry had derived its name, I was struck with the splendid and magnificent scenery which presented itself, and involuntarily stopped to examine more minutely, the wonderful works of their hands. The time and place were enough to kindle up sacred thoughts and feelings in a bosom less enthusiastic, or less religiously inclined than mine; for I could here contemplate the power of that Being, whose word is omnipotence itself. The sun was yet some distance from his evening horizon, but owing to the immense height of the cliffs which girded in the river that rolled below, he appeared to be fast sinking to the bottom of the straitened basin, as they fell upon the tall peaks of the mountains, gave them a most lovely and splendid appearance. There shot a mountain, whose top appeared to reach the clouds, and another fast running up by its side, as if envious of its neighbor's height, and seemingly wishing to excite as much attention as its rival; here, at its base, some humbler one started up, yet each a mountain, content with being noticed, even if last—then, in the distance, the rough and craggy-crowned top of another, and another, and another, towered and glittered in the sun, standing like the pillars of "Heaven's own arch," and reflecting the rich and brilliant coloring of the King of day; the first to receive his morning mules, and the last to be tinged with his departing glories. After admiring for a while the magnificence of the view, I was compelled to make the most of the light, and dismounting, led my tired horse down the declivity towards the ferry; I stopped a few moments on the bank, to wait for the boat, as they called it, which I saw pushing off from the opposite side. Here another scene attracted my attention, a tall cliff, whose head I had but seen before, now presented itself fully to my view; its base formed part of the boundary of the river, and rose perpendicularly to an amazing height; near its summit a little stream of water gushing out from a rock, as if from a spout, fell, with a splashing noise, three hundred feet into the river below, the sight had too much of the picturesque and beautiful for me to observe it carefully, and while intently gazing at it, forgetful of every thing else, I heard a voice asking in a peculiarly mild tone, "Do you wish to cross the river?" I was startled, and looking up, saw before me a man dressed in the usual style of the "Shakers," to which sect he belonged; he was the ferryman, and his broad brimmed hat shaded a face of singular meaning and intelligence. While I seemed to be deliberating for an answer, and which was already on my tongue, he continued, "but probably you wish to observe more attentively a specimen of our Kentucky river scenery, before you cross; if so, and as I am a little fatigued with pulling on, I will just sit down on

this car and rest myself, will you please?" I answered him, that I was in no haste to cross the river, and if I were, that the post before me was enough to make me every thing but the equal of which I had ever seen. "You say you wish to observe more attentively a specimen of our Kentucky river scenery, before you cross; if so, and as I am a little fatigued with pulling on, I will just sit down on

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"I was high over the river bank, and, as the powder smoke cleared, I caught sight of the old man, who was leaning over the side of the boat, and aiming his bludge-
 n at me. I took my gun from my shoulder, but I did not shoot. 'Heigh ho, my young blade, my little man in motion, I thought you would have come back before this.' I started again that the old man was mistaken. 'Tired, aren't you? Well, come, give me that grasshopper shooter of yours, must be too heavy for you—fit for nothing but to kill crows and robins.' I handed him the gun. It took him a moment to know it was his, and he said, 'You have brought it into the world for a purpose yet.' No without more ado, he took my gun from me, and aimed it himself on the shoulder which was not so comfortable, and left me to follow without any orders. We kept on our way until some time after dark, when the heavens began to be obscured with thick, heavy clouds, and fearful of losing the track, we determined to stay here for the night; and a most miserable one it was. The thunder peared, the lightning played around the peaks of these old cliffs, and the wind howling through the cedars, enough to appal a harder heart than mine. No wonder was Boone's well known that it was amplified with. We rolled a fire, placed our animals, and the rest of the party, rolling up in our blankets, lay down with guns in hand. By the first dawn of day, continued the ferryman, 'We were started by the report of a rifle, and, jumping up, our animal told us he had been fired upon, but my hand he could not tell, and pointing at the old man, who was the first to rise, he said, 'Old Daniel was too weak to expand and grow brighter, as he whispered in a quick, hurried voice, 'to our tents' and in a moment every man was rising behind his defense. Boone had discovered the wrong, who amounted to twelve in number, should doubt our little band; but the in-
 fluence of numbers only made our old hunter more anxious to exterminate them. While look-
 ing in the direction in which they were seen, I heard a crowd close to my ear, and, as the old man was in the Indian path from the ground down a hundred yds. Boone's eagle eye had caught his prey; his ball was buried in the brain—the savage fell, never to rise again. Another and another were seen to leap and fall, as the quick reports of our rifles made us know well that death was in each whining ball. The ex-
 cess of length, seeing their numbers diminish-
 ing, grew reckless of danger, and, with the most determined fury, advanced upon us. As they came on, I brought my old gun, sticking piece to a rest, just as the stiff, hoarse cry of the crowd advanced, whooping and yelling, and brandishing their tomahawks; for they had drop-
 ped their guns in their eagerness to try the ef-
 fect of a closer contest. One tall, athletic fellow came yelling and hallooing to his comrades to follow him. I marked him. I could not resist—my finger was on the trigger, and my face to the gun—the powder caught, and the whole band was lodged in the fellow's heart! We all heard my little man's cry, and the gruff sound of the gun, which now sounded like music in my ears; he knew it to be my shot, from the deep, loud report, unlike the whining, sharp, quick crack of his favourite weapon. 'Well then, my little fellow; that old grasshopper shooter is worth its weight in gold: you'll be a man yet. Now, comrades, try your hand with the balls and tomahawk.' The word was no sooner said than executed; quick as thought, every blade was out; and as the six my arm was thrown out to the rear, and the report of my rifle followed, told that shot struck and was sufficient. The contest was not long, for the war cry of 'Remember Rogers,' inspired every heart, and added fresh strength to every arm. Then Tom Wilson engaged in dreadful combat with a huge, sinewy savage; they grappled and fell, and rolled over and over, each trying to master the other; the weapons of both had been lost or dropped in the affray, and they were now contending for a knife which lay a few feet from them. Wilson, with his right hand raised to his breast, while the right hand was endeavoring to grasp the knife; but just as he had reached, Boone's intellect found his brain, and he rolled over with a groan, his arm yet raised in the attempt of striking. All were killed but one, and he it was who had, the day before, shot our comrade Rogers. He was recog-
 nized by Wilson, who gave information to his companions, and to Boone that he was the cul-
 prit. Three of our men were killed in the con-
 test, and the remaining four, with his arms up-
 raised, followed on the chase after him. He had fled as soon as he saw his only sur-
 viving companion's brain beat up by Boone's baton. We leaved—"
 "Why did you not shoot him as he ran?" I inquired. "Could you not at least have wounded him, among so many expert marksmen?"
 "Yes, you, that we could, for we had men who could strike a dollar a good measured hun-
 dred yards.—There was Sam Jones, that I saw shoot a wild turkey's head of a hundred and fifty yards off-hand. But Boone's orders were to take him alive, and we were afraid to shoot, fearful of killing him."
 "Here the old ferryman stopped suddenly his narrative, and rising from his seat, requested me to do the same, while he commenced hanging his own."
 "But," said I, being extremely interested in the story, "did you overtake him, or was he too fast for you, and so escaped from your hands?"
 "Nay, my friend, don't be impatient; I'll tell you all in time; but for the sun is going down, and the evening is fast with his finger at the throat, I will tell you the tale of the cedars being only illuminated by his rays; so, if you will just lead your horse in, I will pull you over."
 I did as directed, and again asked, rather impatiently, what became of the savage.
 "You please lead your horse a little on," said my historian, with great gravity. "I can't push the best of the sands for his weight."
 I was compelled to wait, and, as soon as we were within, I bent my head to enquire if he was coming; but the way was empty with the ears to be communicative; except now and then a word from him, as he pointed out with his eye some beautiful prospect. At length, running away the whole width of the river, he drew up immediately under the cliff which we had been admiring.
 "Now," said he, "was there a lane or very little current here, I will rest awhile, for my old arms are not as strong as they once were." I was glad of the opportunity I inquired again the name of the story in which he had taken such interest; and looking him in the face, as he sat on the side of the boat, leaning on his arm, he seemed to understand my wishes, and, with a significant smile, he resumed—
 "Yes, I know you are anxious to hear more of it, so, whilst I am resting, I will finish my tale. We followed on until we had forced the man into the enclosure above our heads, made by this cliff." "Then the Indian was prone as he came there." "The Indian was prone as he came there, and no access of escape—on one side, the river lying one hundred feet be-
 low; on the other, deadly enemies, determined to kill his captive, and he expected no mercy, as he had never given any. He ran in every direc-
 tion, making a pass; but the muzzles of the death-dealing rifles met his eye, and a determi-
 ned finger on every trigger. He grew desperate, and, bounding to the edge of the precipice just where our heads, he made the first step. I saw a boy then, a party of horror stilling in my ear, when I was, confounded—our brain was busy as we ventured to the brink; and the man, who was only flitting down the

Evening Post.

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The antique copy of the following sentence was recently found behind the mantel piece while undergoing some repairs, in an old house No. 3 South Front Street, where the Sheriff is supposed to have resided—and where the original may be seen.

April 2d, 1798.

Mr. Masters this comes to acquaint you yt Sheriff Mr David Evans has rented out three rooms in the prison & others yt are not willing to pay are obliged to lie out in common against their will. I have again since I conceived of it & have caught a great hold thereby, I desire to know whether or no yd prison is built to let out in tenements for yd under Sheriffs profit to receive five shillings per week for a room, or whether it was built for yd benefit of yd prisoners & before Sr hoping yo will see me wrighted herein & send me an answer, I rest Sr yr very humble servant to power

GIDEON EACH.

The superscription is defaced in consequence of the dissipation of the paper by the ink.

EPIPHONE OF THE TIMES.

There were 169 deaths in Philadelphia during the past week, 54 adults and 55 children, of which more than one year of age—9 from cholera—were taken away. The color included in the above—24 by consumption.

Mr. Sanderson has caused to be placed above the roof of the Coffee House, a weather vane the pivot with which it turns, passes through the roof of the building, and descends to the room of public exchange; it there communicates with an index, which, upon the face of a piece of furniture in all outward respects resembling a clock, denotes the point whence the wind blows.

The beautiful Steam Boat WILLIAM PENN, owned by Capt. E. C. Smith, of the City of Baltimore, was on Wednesday morning launched from the Ship Yard of Mr. GRACE.

The CITIZENS' CANAL LINE OF STEAM-BOATS between this city and BALTIMORE, commenced running on Wednesday, and will leave ARCH street wharf, daily, except on Sundays, until further notice. We understand that the proprietors have taken all possible pains to ensure the comfort of passengers.

The Governor has appointed ELING CHAUNCEY, Esq., to be Commissioner of Loans, under the act of Assembly, passed on the 23d instant.

Deaths in Baltimore during the past week—males 16—females 18—total 24.

Two houses, in different quarters of Savannah, were set on fire on the morning of the 14th instant. The flames were speedily extinguished. A patrol has been established.

Mr. Robinson, one of the chief engineers of Pennsylvania, has arrived at Ehrenburg, and commenced the examinations necessary to the location of a rail or other road across the Allegheny mountains, to connect the eastern and western sections of the New York State Canal.

The President has appointed John M. Davis to be Marshall of the Western District of Pennsylvania, in place of Hugh Davis, removed.

Jarrel D. Wain, District Attorney for New Jersey, in place of L. Q. C. Elmer, removed; and J. Drake, Marshall of New Jersey, in place of D. W. Ogden, removed.

At a very large meeting held on Wednesday last at Newark, it was resolved to request the President to institute inquiries as to the cause of France, with the view of requiring a definitive answer to the claims of citizens of the United States on that country. Mr. Frederick Fullinwider was Chairman, and Mr. Abraham Ogden Secretary of the meeting.

The New-Orleans papers are very indignant at the Governor of Louisiana, who pardoned the murderer, Guiseppe—convicted of slaying his wife's mother, whilst she had his own child in her arms.

In consequence of a heavy rain on Monday night we were unable to roam all Tuesday. There was upwards of five feet water in the quantity in some places, and the houses could only be approached in boats. Many parts of South Market street were nearly impassable.

The steamboat North America, Capt. Benson left the wharf at the foot of Courtland-street New-York, at 5 minutes past 5 on Saturday afternoon, and landed her passengers at Hudson at half-past one o'clock, being only eight hours and twenty-five minutes. The distance is nearly 100 miles.

A schooner, supercargo of the ship Delphos which arrived at Salem, on the 18th inst. from Gibraltar, informs, "that measures are in progress, for expelling all foreigners from Gibraltar," being supposed that the late plague was caused by the crowded state of the city."

A Newfoundland dog, which attended his master to the exhibition of the Panorama of Delphos, at Boston, after wagging his tail at the delightful prospect before him, made a plunge into the canal, intending to refresh himself in the Lake. No injury was sustained either to the disappointment of the amiable quadruped.

Extract of a letter from Mr. Sanderson's correspondent at Lewistown, Del. dated 19th inst.—"We yesterday received the first load of stone from the North River at the breakwater, and during the night a second load, this morning commenced discharging both. It is now expected to go on rapidly. Major Binder has paid us a visit."

The State Prison grounds at Greenwich, New York, were sold on Wednesday, by auction, and were divided into 100 lots, 92 of which were sold for \$117,000—averaging \$1200 per lot. The remaining eight lots were preserved by the Corporation. The buildings were not sold. This property was purchased of the state by the corporation of the city of New York some time ago for 100,000 dollars.

Counterfeit notes, on the Bank of Virginia are circulating in some parts of the country. The Fredericksburg Va. Herald of the 23d inst. states that a spurious 20 dollar note, purporting to be on the bank of the state, was detected by a gentleman of that place, on Monday last.

An African slave on the plantation of Mr. Jeaks, North River, Florida, having discovered four animals, which are there dignified with the name of tigers, went in pursuit, with three or four dogs and an old sword. Two of the tigers fled; the others climbed a tree, when Cuffee felled them, and was obliged to return. He and the dogs, however, despatched them, after a hard battle.

The Methodist Meeting-house, at Hickory Ground, Norfolk county, Va. was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday last. Some persons were burning brush to windward of it, and the strong wind carried the smoke on the roof, set it on fire.

A sum of \$2,999 has been collected at Savannah, to relieve the sufferers by the fire in that city and Augusta.

Mrs Clara Fisher, has arrived at Baltimore on her return to New York, from her Southern theatrical tour, in which she has met with unparalleled success.

LADIES' HAIR POLISHER.—The demand for

to keep a sufficient supply on hand. They work with a swing, and expedite the necessity of supplying all consumers.

The *Londoner* writes in dispatch from the heirs of John Nicholson and the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, are in 25 counties.

Madame Catalani has been engaged to perform in the Dublin Theatre fourteen nights, for which she is to receive 3000 guineas. After she finishes her engagement she intends visiting the metropolis, for the purpose of having a farewell concert, and taking leave of the British public.

Mr. H. Wallack, Miss Rock, and Mrs. Hackett, are playing at the Albany Theatre. They made their first appearance on Monday evening, in the Belle's *Stratagem*—*Dorivert*, Mr. Wallack; *Lettice Hardy*, Miss Rock; *Mrs. Rackett*, Mrs. Hackett.

On the 15th inst. Capt. John Hall, of Windsor, Vt. son of the late Hon. Willis Hall of Batten, Mass. about 71 years of age, cut "once in two" his throat with a razor.

The Savoyards Mercury says, that the sheriff of the county succeeded in capturing a camp of seven runaway negroes a few miles from town, and is upon the track of about twenty others, who, it is supposed, have had some agency in the late fire.

1000 yards of Carpeting, from the Lowell Factory, have been used in re-furnishing the Exchange Coffee House, Boston.

Mr. Southard has taken up his residence in Trenton.

Mr. old shoe has been sent to the Boston Cantinel office, which was found opposite the birth place of Franklin, in Milk-street, by the workmen digging under the house of J. Dorr, Esq. It is three and three-quarter inches square at the toe, similar to the present fashion.

The bill to prevent masquerades was read a third time on Friday last, in the Legislature of New York, and passed. Mr. Norton moved to strike out the penalty of \$1000, and insert \$5000. This was opposed by Mr. C. L. Livingston and the bill failed.

Considerable damage was done to Houses, Barns, Fences, &c. in several parts of Lancaster county, by a storm of wind, rain and hail, on Tuesday evening last; we are not able to state particulars.

A splendid ball was to be given at Alnach's on the 25th of March, for the benefit of the Spitalfield weavers. Several of the royal family are among the patrons and patronesses.

Historians relate that the Ethiopian believes that some of all the sandy countries, but that inferior beings created all others.

Two of the placards of the French Theatre have lately contained the following appalling announcement:—*Mons. Perlet*, will appear on Monday, in three pieces.

The Cincinnati Advertiser of the 16th inst. says, that city was thronged with visitors to hear the arguments of Mr. Owen, and Mr. Campbell. The Ohio was 35 feet above low water mark.

Quincy *Sicente*, much used in Massachusetts for building, is susceptible of a very high polish, though much labor is required in the process.

The Boston Telegraph announced on Sunday morning, that three ships and fifty seven coasters had entered the harbor. By noon the number of the latter was increased to one hundred and fifty.

In Mexico they cure the tooth-ache, and other violent pains in the head, by pouring spirits into the ear, placed in a horizontal position; sometimes with success.

The Carnival at Vienna, is said to have been unusually gay this year. The Fanny Ball concluded by one given in the Imperial apartments, at which more than 5,000 persons were present.

We understand that on Wednesday last, a person by the name of THOMAS LYON, was crushed to death by the accidental caving in of a coal mine, near the borough of Pottsville, Pa. in which he was engaged excavating coal. There was no other person in the mine at the time, and the unfortunate man has left a wife and one child.

Brig Nikolai, Capt. Mason, of Boston, which has for some time been considered a missing vessel, has arrived at Lisbon, after a most unparalleled distress, being 153 days on the time of sailing, to the time of bearing from her. The N. sailed from St. Petersburg, on the 7th, and Klesinour on the 21st Nov. last.

Daniel Newton has been indicted before the Supreme Court sitting in Worcester, Mass. for the murder of Ezekiel Kist upon the Jury persons were indicted for perjury; one was found guilty and the other acquitted. Bibles, in an action against Marsh, for slander, recovered \$450.

Mr. Morris Brewster, of Salina, New York, committed suicide, on Thursday last, by taking laudanum. He had been addicted to intemperance for several years past, and to this cause in all probability should be attributed his untimely and horrid end.

In the Laurens district, in South Carolina, an action for breach of marriage promise, said to have been the first ever brought into court in the State, was lately tried there. The Jury assessed fifteen hundred dollars damages; but half the estimated amount of the defendant's property.

Trenton, N. J. which for some time has appeared in a declining condition, is said to have taken a start. Vacant houses are receiving tenants and new tenements are erecting.

It appears by the Savannah papers, that the principal cities in the State of Georgia are infested with gangs of incendiaries. Since the recent destructive fires in Savannah and Augusta, several attempts have been made to fire those cities, and others have also been made at Macon.

The Tallahassee Floridian says:—One half of Lafayette's township is in the market. We do not understand that any sale has been or is likely to be effected. The manner in which it is offered excludes nearly all the land of the first quality from the market, and enough second and third rate land can be entered at government price or purchased at small advance.

The Providence R. I. Patriot says, radiance and beauty are brilliant upon the market on Wednesday last, by Mr. Edward Parry, raised by him in his garden in North Providence.

The Governor of Virginia, according to a resolution of the Legislature, has presented to General Lafayette a copy of the new map of that state.

One of our late French papers announces the opera of Semiramis as about to be performed at the Italian Opera for the benefit of Bordogni. The part of Semiramis by Mlle. Sontag, and that of Ninus by Madame Malibran.

The Secretary of the Treasury left Washington for Pennsylvania, on Saturday, to make arrangements for removing his family. Mr. Dickins, chief Clerk, has been appointed to act during his absence.

Labour, says an old writer, is good; if not for food, certainly for physic; and a bitter pill it is—adds a lazy commentator.

A RUM REE. A Western paper states that a kitten got drunk lately by eating rum cherries. We have since considered cats as carnivorous—perhaps the march of intellect has changed their taste.—N. V. Courier.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman in Washington, dated April 24th, 1823:—"I was told by the Secretary of War this morning, that he had yesterday, by order of the President, relieved General Scott from his suspension, and granted him a furlough until December next."

The Mayor of Boston has addressed a circular to the clergymen, recommending contributions in their respective churches, for the relief of sufferers by the late fire at Augusta, Geo.

The whole number of acts and resolutions passed at the late session of the Pennsylvania Legislature is 327.

At a stated meeting of the Trustees of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, on the 14th inst., Rev. Dr. Charles Phillips, of the city of New York, and Lemuel C. C. Elmer, Esq. of Bridgeton, in this state, were elected Trustees of that institution.

The annual report of the directors of the Baltimore Library Company states that the number of members is less than it was thirty years ago. The collection consists of above ten thousand volumes.

Mr. F. Lucas, junr. of Baltimore, has in preparation a new map of Maryland, on a scale of one mile to an inch. That part of Pennsylvania which embraces the Union Canal is included.

A letter from Rochester of the 22d inst. says: "The Canal is in operation. The first packet just started yesterday for Utica. Our prospects for business are more flattering than for months past."

A Mr. Van Dyke, of Medina, Orleans Co. has invented a machine of curious construction, by which the ordinary rollers of iron is made to move a wheel. It is said it will continue to run as long as the materials of which it is made will last, and that the invention may be applied to many valuable purposes.

Reported for the United States Gazette.

UNITED STATES vs. JACOB K. BOYER, COUNTERFEITING.

Circuit Court to U. S., April 20th to 28th, 1829.

Jacob K. Boyer, for many years a respectable merchant of Reading, and the father of a large family, was indicted for forging, uttering and delivering a false and counterfeit note of \$100, of the issue of the State Bank. The prosecution was based upon this single note, but as the District Attorney remarked, "if he was guilty at all, he was guilty of the most expert, extensive and wholesale plan of counterfeiting ever known in the United States."

The evidence consisted chiefly of details given by accomplices. It seemed that in the fall of 1827, John McClintock and David Seltzer, two brothers, of miserable character, were arrested at Reading, with a quantity of counterfeit money in their possession. As a measure of self-defence they blazoned, as the technical phrase goes, and gave a detail of facts, implicating the defendant deeply, in fact, showing him to be the chief of the gang. McClintock took the police officers on the top of a mountain near Reading, covered with stones, removed one and discovered a tin box, containing several plates and tools used for counterfeiting, and nearly 15,000 dollars of counterfeit money already signed, and ready for passing. He afterwards went to his own house, where he had been previously without suspicion, and handed in back to the officers a bundle of about \$1700 in spurious paper money. The note on which the indictment was founded was first found at the mountain, but was among the bundle brought by McClintock from his own house. He was entirely out of custody when he went there, and did not return until the next morning.

John McClintock swore, that he gave the tin box, plates, and money, up to the Marshal; but that but one \$100 U. S. Bank note was taken from him, and the rest follows: he got it from Jacob K. Boyer, and gave him nothing for it; he gave it to me to pass, and I gave him \$25 or \$30 for it; and gave me other notes at the same time; had dealings with Boyer in 1826; I got several notes from him; one \$100 of the Commercial Bank; I gave him \$25 for it; I got several times afterwards; no time more than \$100; I always paid him in good money. He gave me an order on Seltzer for \$1200 or \$1400; presented the order and got the bill in his cross-examination said he had been confined crazy in the Hospital since; he went also into a full detail of circumstances.

David Seltzer swore, to the same effect except that his dealings were more extensive; he got bad money at different times; he received \$480, for which he gave his note for one third of that sum; also \$1450; the bills were called lottery tickets; McClintock presented an order which was burnt, because the defendant said it was always to be used in this manner; he said he was sworn to Boyer's connection with Bradshaw, Sanders, Craig, Dager, &c. notorious counterfeiters. This witness went into an elaborate detail of circumstances connected with the above facts.

John Sales swore, that he had received a \$100 U. S. Bank note from the defendant, in July, 1827, and sent it by a man to Harrisburgh, or four or five months afterwards. It was returned as counterfeit. Witness took it to defendant and he got good money for it. He asked witness if he was the man he had got it from him.

Mr. Dallas here offered to read a letter from the defendant, addressed to Benjamin Thompson, and proved his hand writing by Richard Porter, and proved by John McLean, that Benj. Thompson was called Benj. Moses, also; and was convicted of forging and counterfeiting at this court within a year. The letter was then read. It contained no express mention of counterfeit money, but made use of phrases to imply that he was engaged in such a business, and down in their own affidavits, from which the evidence in the court was taken, from which the United States Attorney guilty.

William P. Orrich stated, that in 1820, while in Philadelphia, he received from his clerk a \$40, counterfeit note on the U. S. Bank. It was raised at the Bank. Witness sent it back to Reading. They alleged it had been got from defendant; a suit was brought against him, and judgment entered for the plaintiff for \$30, and costs.

Fredrick Rodenburger stated, that he knew Craig's house, (the place where the counterfeiters resided, and a receptacle for stolen goods.) It rented it once. Defendant had the renting of it; he was agent for the owner.

John Aurand, Deputy Sheriff of Berks county, knew Craig's house; he searched it, and found a press for counterfeiting there.

David Fisher received a counterfeit note from defendant five years ago; don't remember the amount; John Keim said it was counterfeit; it was the same as the defendant; he made some account and paid the money.

Jacob Eargood borrowed three notes of five dollars from the defendant, 4 years ago, and gave him a judgment for them. They were counterfeit, and witness took them back to him. Boyer said he did not think the witness was trying to pass them in Reading. The notes were paid. One Wells allowed he would not give me a plug of tobacco for them.

The testimony for the United States closed, and C. K. Bisher, Esq. spoke for the defence.

George K. Bisher, William Fricker, and Henry Betts, swore, that they knew Jacob Eargood, and his character was bad; they would not believe him on his oath.

Four witnesses swore that Seltzer's character was infamous, and they would not believe him on his oath.

Fifteen or twenty witnesses swore to defendant's standing in Reading; that he was an excellent fellow and burly; a good citizen, engaged in his business doing large transactions as a merchant, and as largely concerned as any western merchant in Pennsylvania. On cross-examination, the witnesses said they had heard reports of his counterfeiting in Reading; people talked his store the *Callershill Street Bank*, &c.; that other respectable people were also talked for; and they also said Boyer had been tried for forging a conspiracy and acquitted.

Dr. Otto and Wilbank, swore to McClintock being a diseased person, and that the Hospital was the place in which disease was to impair the memory; the disease was seated in the brain.

Dr. H. Klapp and William Ruff proved, that he was crazy in the cells of the Arch street prison, and was sent to the Hospital from there.

Wm. P. Orrich said, that the young man in

JURY.—*The* witness said that Morris had been seen by Daniel Haynes said that Morris had been seen at the time in his possession. It was torn in two pieces. Witness could not say it was the same as that was got from Boyer. Morris swore it was, and no one else was a witness to it. When it was returned, it looked like an old note; Morry's was a new note. Boyer said he would give the money if he had passed it.

Dallas called the jury witnesses to prove Clintock's present sanity, and that he had beaten the Mayor and others, just after his arrest, stated the same story which he had sworn to commit.

J. R. Ingersoll, Esq., made a beautiful appeal sound argument to the jury, on behalf of defendant. G. M. Dallas, Esq., replied in a loud and powerful manner. Judge Ward partly acquitted Gray, because the fourth count, viz.—of delivering the forged note."—"When the verdict was pronounced, the prisoner's face assumed an ashy paleness, and he went away. He was carried, or led down to the open air. A powerful degree of interest was excited in his favor.

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

The following is an extract from a letter addressed by Lord WINCHILSEA to Mr. COLLEGE, Secretary of the Committee for establishing the King's College, London, dated March 1829:—which occasioned the recent correspondence and dust between him and the Duke of Wellington.

"I was one of those who, at first, thought the proposed plan might be practicable, and prove antidote to the principles of the London University; I was not, however, very sanguine in my speculations, seeing many difficulties likely to arise from the execution of the scheme being arrogant; and I confess that I felt rather doubtful to the sincerity of the motives which had tempted some of the prime movers in this undertaking, when I considered that the Noble Duke, the head of his Majesty's Government had induced, upon this occasion, to assume a new character, and to step forward himself as the able advocate of religion and morality."

"Late political events have convinced me that the whole transaction was intended as a bait for the Protestant and High Church party, and that the Noble Duke had sold for some time previous to that period determined upon 'breaking' in upon the Constitution of 1688," might more effectively, under the cloak of some outward show of zeal for the Protestant religion, try on his insidious designs for the infringement of our liberties, and the introduction of espionage in every department of the State."

PORTUGAL.—Advices from Lisbon to the 6th instant have been received. On that day, five officers who were implicated in the designs of Morocco, including Moreira himself, were hanged, and their heads afterwards exposed upon gallows near Oporto. The services of three others were brought out of prison with them, were obliged to witness the execution of the five. One of them was a son of Moreira, a mere boy. They are to be sent to Africa in chains. The court sentenced these unfortunates to be transported for life; but their blood only would satisfy anger; and instead of using the prerogative of mercy, he insisted upon a sentence of death, and the Judges complied. More executions were executed both at Lisbon and Oporto. Embarked on board a vessel bound for England, and on the 4th and 5th instants, troops were ordered to march to attempt its reduction. They were followed by Don Miguel, on the Quay of Belem, rode on horseback.

RUSSIA AND TURKEY.—The German papers announce the renewal of operations between the Russians and Turks. It is stated that the Grand army arrived at Shumla the 9th Jan. and had collected about 80,000 men to attack Paravady. Several Turkish Posts had taken place. About 10,000 Turkish horse crossed the post of Sulodjudik, and the Russian patrols had fallen to their hands. Two Cossacks and a subaltern officer were killed, and the commander of the 1st and 2d Cosaks are missing. The Turks afterwards retired to Shumla. At sea the Russians have had the advantage, and we are informed in letters from the Russian head quarters that the Turkish flotilla before Nicropolis, has been destroyed. The crews were surprised put up the sword, and out of the thirty vessels engaged in action composed the flotilla, only nine were burnt.

FRONTIERS OF SERBIA, Feb. 26.—The late victories gained by the Russians, especially the taking of Tournou, have greatly exasperated the Turkish Generals. Ibrahim Pacha, who commanded in this latter place, and the Ayas of Tournou, have done very well not to take advantage of the capitulation for themselves, but remain with Count Langeron, to whom they surrendered. "They would certainly have been headed as soon as they reached Nicropolis. It is known that this has been the fate of the three last Ayas who went to that town to carry to Tchaing Oglou the capitulation of Tournou. General has openly accused Ibrahim Pacha of cowardice and cowardice. The latter is treated with great attention by Count Langeron.

According to accounts from the Turkish frontiers, the Turks in Asia are making great preparations for the ensuing campaign, and there is every appearance that operations will commence the first opening of spring. It is said, that besides the usual troops, there are in Erzeroun 20 regular infantry.

Advices from Bucharest announce that Turkey-Murachas had set out from that place to Butchuck, and Count Langeron had sent several detachments to meet them, and serve them as assistants against the enemy. The arbitrariness of Tchaplan Oglou, in believing the words of Yernoul, bore to him intelligence of the surrender of Tournou, created such apprehension in the minds of the commander and Ayas of that district, that they declined taking advantage of the conditions of the capitulation, and preferred leading the Russians as prisoners.

FRONTIERS OF SERBIA, Feb. 28.—All our counts agree that preparations are making in the Russian army which indicate an intention of besieging the fortresses on the Danube, and launching a general attack upon Serbia. The various reports make making vigorous preparations for defence; they are strengthening their fortresses, augmenting the garrisons, and collecting provisions and ammunition. The other being dry, the roads are in good condition.

THE LAWS OF HONOUR.—A duel was lately fought at Strauburg between two ladies, one French and the other German, on a quarrel about a young miniature painter. The combatants met, pistol in hand, and each attended by a female second. The German was furious, and commenced fighting muzzle to muzzle; but the voice of her companion, regulating her conduct by the voice of her country, stood out for twenty-five paces. They fired together, and missed. The German then insisted on their approaching, and firing until either fell. The seconds, having intervened, and declaring that the laws of honour were now satisfied, took away the pistols, and the affair ended; but without any apology. The fair Frenchwoman, before leaving the ground, handsomely professed herself actuated by any personal hostility; "she ought due to her honour to take a shot at you," she said to the German, but now, that the affair was in end, she was welcome to the miniature painter, whom she had forbidden her friend to paint, and the French woman also of a Baroness, and the French woman also of a General of Division.—Weekly Review.

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